NANSEN 'IN GREENLAND.

WORK AND PLAY OF THE ESQUIMAUX.

ESKIMO LIFE. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated by William Archer. With Illustrations. Pp. xvi., 330. Longmans, Green & Co.

"Manners, none; customs, nasty." This famous laconic essay of the old sea-dog who was asked to read before a certain learned society description of the practices of a savage tribe with which he was familiar has been the epitome of too many unsympathetic studies of human life outside the pale of civilization. It is needless to say that if Dr. Nansen errs at errs on the other side of the account. He is too ready to credit every vice of the Esquimaux to the influence of Europeans. Given a more complaisant thermometer, and his description of life among the natives in Greenland might pass for idyllic.

Not but that the evil communications of civilization have affected the good manners of these simple fisher-folk of the far North. One of the obvious instruments of harm has been the seductive coffee-pot. There are those who say that this daily beverage of millions is only harmless in the Torrid Zone, and that it is slow poison anywhere above the Tropic of One thing is sure-the Esquimaux, long before the medical practitioners of civilized countries discovered the fact, had found out that the excessive use of coffee injuriously affected the nerves and ganglia of equilibrium. Of course they knew nothing of nerves or ganglia. What they observed was the practical fact that the persistent drinking of two large bowls of strong coffee every morning sooner or later made it impossible for them to balance their narrow kayaks in a calm sea, to say nothing of managing them in a tempest. For that reason, at least in some communities, coffee was forbidden to the youth, though older men continued to indulge a habit which they felt was hurtful to them. It may seem a curious fact that the Esquimaux should so soon have fixed upon the particular loan from civilization which was doing them unusual harm. But their acuteness will not seem so strange when it is remembered that the livelihood of these people depends, to a very large degree, on the skill with which they can keep their balance in a boat in which not one civilized man out of millions could keep himself afloat. Just as a European or an American has his coat cut and made to fit him, so the Esquimau has eighteen feet; nor the beam-for few men over eighteen inches in breadth woull be seaworthy in a canoe. But the depth which must be accommodated to the oarsman's figure varies considerably, and the hole at which he enters his frail craft fits him like the finger of a glove. It is fitted with a narrow flange, to which he binds what may here be called his topcoat Thus he and his boat together make what is practically a watertight floating machine. But that machine is more unsteady than an empty barrel; and, as Dr. Nansen says, in Mr. Archer's translation, "It will readily be understood that it is not easy to sit in a vessel like a kayak without capsizing, and that it needs a good deal of practice to master its peculiarities. I have een a friend of mine in Norway, on making his first experiment in my kayak, capsize four times kayak in the air." Then the author adds a remark which illustrates in a specific way the strongest argument he presents in behalf of his simple-minded Northern friends: "But who one has acquired by practice a mastery of the kayak and of the two-bladed paddle, one can get through the water in all sorts of weather at an astonishing speed. The kayak is be yond comparison the best boat for a single oarsman ever invented."

It is the marvellous resourcefulness and inventive skill of these men of the far north which Dr. Nansen is never weary of praising; and it is here he meets with almost angry contempt the assertion that civilization has mad up for some of the injury it has done savage races by giving them better implements for gaining their livelihood. He declares that firearms have been a positive injury to the Greenlanders as hunters. They were, indeed, enabled to slaughter the creatures upon which they subsisted more rapidly. But the result was just such wasteful butchery as caused the buffalo o vanish from the prairies of the United States. It went so far, says Dr. Nansen, "that on the narrow strip of naked, broken country which stretches along the west coast, no fewer than 16,000 reindeer were killed every year, only the skin, as a rule, being taken and sold to Europeans, while the flesh was left behind to rot. Of course this led to the almost total extermination of the animals, and hunting almost entirely ceased, because, as it was explained, 'the reindeer had left the coast.' " What happened in the case of the reindeer is also about to happen with the seal. This wary animal is frightened by the crack of the rifle. On the other hand, use of the rifle has lessened the final difficulty, worst of all, is that while the slaughter of seals with the rifle is much greater than it was with the native weapons, vast numbers of the carcasses are lost, a thing that almost never hannened in old times. The sho'gun has proved of the same murderous efficacy with birds as the rifle has with larger game. Thus, tempted by the appliances of civilization, the Esquimau is wasting his means of life. As things were a few years ago he was able to procure the subsistence needed by himself and those dependent on him without diminishing the supply of land and sea food which forms his only dependence. In those days he only drew the interest on his capital; now he is destroying the principal just as fast as he can load and fire his gun.

Meanwhile the Greenlander is rapidly losing not only the game which he lived upon but the skins of which he used to make his clothes and his boats. The making of the women's boats, so prominent in every story of Arctic travel, has almost ceased. With the disappearance of these end forever those periodical migrations which were and are indispensable to the existence of the race. Shivering in his European rags, the wretched native must starve ashore in places where with warm furs, bows and arrows, harpoons and lances, and buoyant kayaks, his ancestors lived in comfort and abundance. Dr. Nansen looks forward gloomily to the not far distant time when there will be no Greenlanders in Greenland. He contrasts the picture of the Esquimau as he is under foreign tutorship and domination with the Esquimau as he once was-as he still is in rare cases-independent, inventive, alert and ever meditating upon some improvement in the make or the use of the weapons upon which his subsistence de-He illustrates these points by describing the avolution as he observed it of that most characteristic Esquimau weapon, the jointed harpoon. The primitive weapon, he thinks, was carried over from the North American mainland, and it is still to be found among the Esquimaux of Southwestern Alaska. It was simply the Indian dart with steering feathers. On the coast of Greenland, or on the coast of the mainland osite, the wandering tribesmen were confronted by the fact that they must conquer the seal or starve. How many clans starved while the fittest survived can only be imed. But the inefficient dart with steering thers gradually became a javelin, to which was fastened a bladder filled with air. If the hunter missed his quarry he could at least rethe bladder impeded the wounded creature's these matters, and to see that the boys get movements in diving and swimming. But the their nuts? Or, if the scrambling for nuts be of the javelin was frequently broken by deemed a nuisance-yet many well-remembered

Lornol :

thong fastened to the barb as well as to the handle made the latter with its inflated appendix still more useful in obstructing the mo- will not hint at their having been alienated by sea gull's or cormorant's gullet, inflated and gerous characters in these parts of the world. dried. It is fastened to the javelin shaft by means of a piece of bone, with a hole bored through it for the purpose of blowing up the bladder. This hole is closed with a little wooden plug." The size of this floating apparatus was gradually increased. Then it was found that the javelin could not be easily thrown. So the bladder was simply attached to a long line, made from the skin of a particular seal, the Phoca harbata. The line itself was fastened to the point of the harpoon, but not to the shaft.

even these inventions, which seem so simple and straightforward, now that we see them per-fected—what huge strides of progress must they not have meant in their day, and how much labor and how many failures must they not

To follow Dr. Nansen into all the details of his investigation as to the past and present life of the Esquimaus is impossible. Enough has been said to show that he holds a brief for And he puts his conclusion in a line or two his simple-minded friends of the North. It grants nothing, not even that the introduction of Christianity was a boon to the race. On the point he asserts that morally the Esquimau was better in the past than he is now, and that he is better anyhow than most Europeans; and he adds that the dogmas of Christianity remain order to give a great English newspaper a vioadds that the dogmas of Christian; remains as still as incomprehensible to the Esquimaus as they were when first propounded. But his rather elaborate essay on the origin of religion, with all the customary verbiage about shadows with all the customary verbiage about shadows he certainly has respect for the Dublin profess.

I done more for Dance he may be done more for Dance he may be about shadows he certainly has respect for the Dublin profess.

I done more for Dance he may be done more for Dance he may be about shadows he certainly has respect for the Dublin profess. in the space of two minutes; no sooner had we got him up on even keel and let him go than he stood on his head, with the bottom of the stood on his head, with the stood on his head, wi great many Esquimau legends are loans from Scandinavia, more or less contaminated with native ideas. The book is readable and is copiously illustrated.

FREEMAN AS A TRAVELLER.

THE HISTORIAN IN GREECE AND ITALY

STUDIES OF TRAVEL GREECE By Edward A. Freman. Pp. vli., 286. G. P. Putnam's Sons. STUDIES OF TRAVEL ITALY By Edward A. Freeman Pp. Iv., 221. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Many books of travel are records rather of the traveller's moods than of his observations. If a man's thoughts gather round his dinner like sixpenny nails around a horseshoe magnet, the be capable of producing. One may vary this illustration as he likes; it is a fact that many books of travel are vastly better material for students in psychology than they are for the devotees of any other art or science Something of this kind is true of these posthumous notes of the historian Freeman. They are an important contribution to the study of a mind worthy of the most careful analysis. On the other hand, it would be a mistake to think that Freeman was wholly absorbed in himself He was all eyes and ears on a journey, but what he saw and what he heard came somehow very much in the line of his lifelong labors. Of himself he rarely thinks, if one can judge from the fact that he almost never speaks of himself or of his companions. The contrast between him and another famous traveller in this matter of self-absorption, as against attendexterity of hunters with the harpoon. The tion to outward things, is brought out very distinctly in their method of describing what was practically the same journey. The fact that Freeman and the other traveller mentioned are separated by a period of near two thousand years helps to make the contrast vivid. Horace's poetical history of his journey to Brundisium is a model of that sort of writing in which the author is vastly more than all he sees. His slightest mishaps-for example, the fact that he loathes the water he has to drink -assume importance, in view of the point that it is Horace who is describing his own feelings. When he has to put ointment on his weak eyes the proceeding is to him as important as a meet ing on affairs of state between Maecenas and Cocceius. At all events, he brackets the two occurrences together. The frogs and gnats that disturb his slumber, and the lean birds that come near being burned on a spit, are of more interest to him than the public incidents of the tour or the towns that he visited. For a brevity that absolutely leaves out everything which might be of interest about a town famous before Horace's time and after, commend us to his closing line, in which he names Brundisium and adds only that there his journey and his

writing material both ended at once. Freeman had his eye upon Horace all the way in his "Iter ad Brundisium," and yet he never thinks of mentioning any of his own personal discomforts, nor does he allude to those which Horace mourned over. He picks out only the scraps of real information vouchsafed by the Augustan poet, and these he supplements from his own observations or from those recorded by others. If he is humorous it is not upon the contemplation of his own peculiarities or of what has happened to himself, but upon a topic germane to the antiquities that rise before his eyes. And he is not without a glimpse of something worth a smile. "And at one point in Ferentino," says he, "not far from the Porta Maggiore, it will be well to go down the hill a little to study the long inscription cut in the rock in honor of a local worthy and magistrate, Aulus Quinctilius by name, who seems to have played much the same part at Ferentinum in pagan days which Sir William Harpur played ages later at Bedford. He founded everything that, according to the notions of his day, could be founded. Among other things he ordained that thirty bushels of nuts should be yearly given to be scrambled for by the boys of Ferentinum, without distinction of bond or free. Now, is the will of this pious founder carried out? Are there cover his weapon. If he fortunately hit a seal. any Italian Charity Commissioners to look into

the seal's violent efforts to save itself, and to scraps of Latin plead on its behalf-will they meet this difficulty the barb was so contrived | devise a scheme for the better employment of that it easily came loose from the shaft. A the funds? Or, has the benefaction of the benevolent Quinctilius, like some benefactions nearer home, been lost altogether? We tions of the seal and in bringing it to weari- Goths or Vandals, by East-Roman exarchs, or ness and despair. "The bladder is made of a Lombard princes. Can we trust the really dan-Popes, Popes' nephews, Roman princes and Roman cardinals, who pull down buildings and steal their columns to make their own palaces and villas? Perhaps some of them may have swallowed up the funds which should go in nuts to the boys of Ferentinum."

The historian reveals his own native traits and habits of study, as it were, unconsciously, Everywhere it is as a historian that he looks The latter was made much longer and heavier. After the seal was struck, the handle floated away, to be picked up at leisure, but the line and the buoyant float made it possible to keep trace of the wounded seal, which was sure to be killed at last. "This harpoon," says Dr. Nansen, "with all its ingenuity of structure, ranks, along with the kayak, as the highest achievement of the Eskimo mind."

The author finds in the evolution of the kayak a striking instance of the cleverness with which the human animal overcomes adverse circumstances. He tried to imagine the whole course of the mute, desperate struggle of the minds of the Esquimax with nature. He pictured to himself how they pressed, stage by stage, in their dog sledges and their wonderful skin light tage considered for the light they cast on the progress of culture. With a little care and labor one might cult from the pages of these two small volumes a sometimes our legs. One fine day after dinner disease and labor one might cult from the pages of these two small volumes a sometimes our legs. One fine day after dinner disease and the tormenting animal tore our clothes, and the value and the exclaimed: "Let us play at barriers." Off went his cat, and the exclaimed: "Let us play at barriers." Off went his cat, and the voung l as works of art; they are considered for the the Esquimax with nature. He pictured to the pressed, stage by stage, in their dog sledges and their wonderful skin looked thoroughly at Rome itself, will feel a enjoy. their dog sledges and their wonderful skin looked thoroughly at Rome itself, will feel a canoes along the barren ice-coasts, how they certain impression come strongly upon him that Sought their way onward, and little by little his work is imperfect as long as he keeps himself perfected their ingenious implements, and at- on the western side of the Hodriatic, Tuscutained their masterly skill in the chase. "Hun- lum above all things points to Tiryns." It was dreds, nay, thousands, of years passed, tribe a great gain to collect and bring together, as Chaucer which William Morris has in hand is yet tinction, both physical and intellectual. Says after tribe succumbed, while other and stronger Dodwell did, Greek and Italian examples of stocks survived-and I was filled with admira- architecture. "It would be a greater gain still tion for a people which had emerged victorious to bring together as many examples as possible from the struggle with such inhospitable natural of the same kind from all parts of the world, surroundings." Such is his general view of The critical inquirer, the votary of the com-Esquimau progress. But he conjectures that parative method, will be strengthened in his rethe race originated in some inland region. Thus searches by seeing how, in the art of building, they may have used in the first place bark as in everything else, like effects spring from canoes. But forced, perhaps by other races, to like causes." That is to say, the traveller has migrate, they found neither bark nor wood used his eyes in prehistoric Italy and prehistoric along the coast, and so were obliged, like many | Greece to observe these phenomena which show Indian tribes, to use skins. But their material how difficult problems in ancient buildings were was scant, and so they must make their boats solved in practically the same way by races that in very small type goes criticism can hardly be as small as possible. Then when they tried may have known nothing of each other. There too severe, Knowledge acquired at the cost of course between Europeans and Asiatics, He the breakers of the coast, they saw that their are pages also where one may see how the his kayak made according to his size. The boats must not merely float, but that they must author of the unfinished "History of Sicily" and length does not usually vary much, being about be sater tight by means of a deck, to which of "Federalism" has put in a nutshell thoughts their own outer clothing could be bound. With which in those works are developed into these additions the kayak was complete. "But chapters. He brings out vividly the contrast Greece with its comparatively large confedera tions. He studies the vacant site of Veil with man seems to have a pretty big notion of some of minute attention, in order to show how that Etruscan stronghold must in the nature of things have fallen a prey to the Roman power,

> On this acteristics—his tendency to controversy—as exhibited here and there in these volumes. He historical insight. The result is that he never It is now stated that Balzac's Eugeni- Grandet and even death, he will face with great calmfying it. Thus in speaking of the geographical marks: "This has been well pointed out by Mr. Mahaffy; it is the kind of thing which Mr. ing some of the professor's statements about member for Maine et Loire. he geographical separation between Greek Amid the many Caristmas books no new illus. tent, a habit, and he retains but little genuine things which he has not sufficiently studied." sixpenny nails around a horseshoe magnet, the reader will be treated to a series of bills of author's revision. They were edited by the produce a good accompaniment to the poems. fare interspersed with such literature as the historian's daughter, Florence Freeman. One of It is said that lbsen reads very little; he dethe Illustrations is a portrait of Freeman, which he is figured with a large head and an

MADAME JUNOT'S MEMOIRS.

A HANDSOME NEW EDITION.

ample beard.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND RECOLLECTIONS
OF LAURA, DUCHESS OF ABRANTES,
(Widow of General Junot). Four Volumes, with
Portraits Octavo, Pp., xvii, cv; viii, ci; vii
48; viii, 52l. New-York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1893.

Napoleon, who had a very poor opinion of omen, is nevertheless indebted to two of them for minute personal portraits, which serve him ad-Mme, de Remusa; finds herself in radical disagree-ment with the confiding attitude maintained always by Mme. Junot; but these two writers, holding diverse views, supplement each other and between them provide an invaluable mass of data for those who can make from it the requisite deductions. Mme de Remusat's distilluzionment is a matter swerving faith in the chief personage of her time. Devotion to her husband might have influenced her. Even wher in semi-disgrace, Junot appears to have retained the good will of Napoleon. The latter, too, was generous at times to Mme. Junot herself. But it was in her nature to be dazzled, or it was a nature anything but profound or philosophic, and it was an entirely artiers devotic that expressed itself in such a declaration as that in the third volume of her memoirs: "Everything as wonderful in that wonderful man." volumes are expressed in the passage in which Mme Junot briefly describes the agitation in her family circle upon the announcement of General Bonaparte's unexpected return from the Egyptian campaign. They were playing "lotodauphin," a game in which a little bag of balls is used. The writer's brother suddenly entered the room, and after banbrought, news of which they tried valuely to guess the nature, he said simply: "Bonaparte is in France!" Mme, Junot proceeds: "When my brother uttered these last words the whole party seemed struck motionless, as if by a magic wand. My mother, who had just drawn a ball out of the bag, held her little hand raised in the air, and the bag having fallen down, the balls were rolling about the carpet in every direction without ex citing the notice of anybody. Every one sat as if petrified." Mme, de Remusat has borne testimony to the apprehension which Napoleon inspired in to Collins: those with whom he came in contact, but Mme. Junot, a less reflective observer is, perhaps for that very reason a no less interesting historian. She is naively photographic, and tells simply what she saw, such comments as she makes betraying neither insight nor strong emo-

Mme. Junot's peculiar domain is that of so cial anecdote, of details at once trivial and important, like the costume or habits of her idol, and there she maintains the vitality and interest with which she has attracted readers for many years. She describes Napoleon, for example, as "very careless of his personal appearance," with hair "ill-combed and ill-powdered," giving him "the look of a sloven." This was about the time of the 9th Thermider, when he was content to go about with "a shabby round hat drawn over his forehead, and his ill-powdered hair hanging over the collar of his gray greatcoat, which afterward became as celebrated as the white plume of Henry IV; without gloves, because he used to say they were a useless luxury; with boots ill-made and illblacked." He was not only the very antithesis of the "incrdyable" of that era, but was then, as well as later, a man from whom none of the little urbanities of life was to be expected. Upon onof his visits to the Permon household (that of Mme. Junot's mother) he brought with him a bouquet of violets and presented it to Mme. Permon. "This piece of gallantry wis so extraordinary on his part," says Mme. Junot, "that we could not

help smiling at it. He smiled, too, and said: T suppose I make but a sorry cavallere servente." Mme. Junot had fre-His remark was just, and quent experiences of his bearishness, seem never to have dampened the ardor of her regard for him any more than did the reverses in her fortunes late in his career. To her he remained somehow, after all deductions, the majestic Alexander, "a thousand cubits above the apprehension of danger," and she retains the note of respect even in drawing him in his moments of complete relaxation, as below, in an account of incidents at Malmaison. "When he was in good humor, the weather fine, and he had a few minutes leisure from the labor which even at that time was killing him, he would play at barriers with us. He cheated us, would throw us down, or come upon us without crying, 'barre!' But these tricks were only calculated to raise a laugh. His coat was on such occasions laid aside, and he ran like a hare, at things. Pictures and buildings are not viewed or, rather, like the gazelle, which he would feed with a boxful of tobacco, and tell her to run after us, and the tormenting animal tore our clothes,

LITERARY NOTES.

Although not a sheet of the splendid edition of printed, the eight veilum copies promised have alcasty been sold at something over \$600 cach. Also nearly half of the 300 copies on hand-made paper have been subscribed for. finished a number of the drawings which he is to contribute to the edition, and hopes to produce one more every week until his task is ended. Mr. Morris himself is at work upon the full-page borders.

The wickedness of printing cheap and ugly books was lately enlarged upon by Mr. Morris in a Lon-He even declared himself hostile to don lecture Aldus because it was he who was the first to issue cheap literature. So far as the printing of books cruel strain to the sight is too dearly paid for.

An amusing story is told of an uncultured marner's views on Mr. Stedman's critical essays. One of the latter was given to the sea dog to read in mid-ocean For lack of something better to do, he between the politics of Eastern Greece with its condescended to wade through it, and then this colloquy ensued between the mariner and the companion, who tells the tale. "Well, this man Stedthese poets

"Yes, he has," "I wender why. Is he a poet himself?"

"Oh, that accounts for it. He'd be sure to praise the others 'cause he's in the swim with 'em.'

The English prose version of Dante, which is now in the press, is the work of the Hon. W. W. Vernon, who has made Dante the study of his life, quity of Oxford City and Oxford University 'n His father, the late Lord Vernon, is said to have order to give a great English newspaper a vio- done more for Dante literature than any modern

utters a word of prairs without instantly quali- and her father were real personnes, the original ness of courage; but he is intolerant of all disthe latter being a cooper name! Mivelot. Mile, Mivelot, the Eugenie of the novel, married after | dier. He is fond of gambling, and spends his maison. Having no children, the adopted a young relation of her husband, and this adopted son barest conception. Driven by the greed and her father's death, a Monsieur Millin de Grand-Mahaffy, so unlucky on some points, is as well is the M. Millin de Grandmaison who was lately dishonesty of his own officials in the past to able to take in as any man." Again, in approve elected to the French Chamber of Deputies, as the practise dishonesty in all the ordinary affairs

states, he embitters the compliment by a parenthetic reference to "Mr. Mahaffy, who occasionally arrives at untrustworthy conclusions on disawings for "The Rayen" and the artists have of the humanizing doctrines of the Buddhist lacked enthusiasm or fitness for the task. It is creed. Woman he considers a mere slave, born Some of the literary peculiarities for which time that an effort was made to illustrate this to minister to his wants, and as such he treats Freeman has been so abundantly consured will most unique and imaginative of American poets, be found in these volumes. But they are interesting, nevertheless, and it is enough to say in this case that they had not the hencill of the Knopff in Belgium or Ricketts in England could it means, the race seems doomed to disappear

self." He has been afraid of the judgment of meric trance or state Paris. "Parislans," he said, "are so reduced that ness which is the longed-for goal of all true folit is strange they should take any interest in lowers of Buildha-she must be transformed into my works." He doesn't unlesstand why they a man in some future existence. This naturshould indulge in philosophical speculations con-cerning his felicitious personages who are very real and perfectly simple to him. "I live in the reality of my characters," he says, "and to such an extent that I could count the number of buttons they

One who knows lisen well says that he has no of the customs prevalent in that province intimate friends, that the only person who has A woman must not cross the shadow of any authority over him is his wife. He has a high pagoda or of a man, and it is no uncommon opinion of women, and a very poor one of men. He doesn't care to engage in a crusade of social changes. "I am a spectator, and no more," he

What has become of the book of the Author's Club? It has been heralded and heralded, but it writer author has rebelled against the labor of has seen the pile the latter make has been appalled

The large and curious philological library of the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte is soon to come into the market. It numbers about 25,000 volumes. The Prince early determined to make a collection of works which would represent not only every written language in the world, but their connection and he was able to a large extent to carry out this idea. His collection includes a specimen of every English dialect. His usual plan was to get the Gospel of St. Matthew or the Song of Solomon translated into the different dialects by experts.

Mr Marlon Crawford has written for "Scribber" series of picturesque articles on the city of Constantinople. The readers of "Paul Patoff" know intimate is Mr. Crawford's acquaintance with that Eastern town.

The author who, under the name of "Ada Cam bridge," has published several clever novels—"A Little Minx" being one of them—is the wife of an Australian clergyman, and her true name is Mrs. Cross.

Here is a story lately told by Mr. Hall Caine concerning Wilkie Collins: "The most successful char acter in 'The Woman in White' was not a woman; but a man-Fosco, the fat villain. When the book was produced everybody was talking about the fat villain. Whilst the author was staying with his mother, a lady visitor came. This lady said

"'You seem to have made a great success with your villain in "The Woman in White." I have read the book, I have studied this villain, But he is not half a villain; you don't know a real villain you have imagined this villain. I know a villain, and the next time you want to do a villain, come to me. I am very close to one; I have got one constantly in my eye-in fact, it is my own husband" Wilkie Collins often told this story, but withheld the name of the lady. It was the wife of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton."

Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose "barbaric yawp" in praise of the Great Western Literature lately sounded over the roofs of the world, is reminded by an English critic that "to strive and cry after originality is not to be original."

The house in Blandford Square, London, in which George Eliot wrote "Romola" is to be demolished to give space for the erection of a railway station

The laureate crown of England is still reposing in its bandbox, and all the lesser lights of poetry con-tinue to hanker about it Mr Aifred Austin's soem, "At Delphi," would seem to imply a good leal of certainty as to his deservings. Therein he professes to have hesitated about crowning his head with the indigenous laurel lest he should court the fate of Marsyas, but is emboldened by the voice of the god assuring him that there is no ill feeling-

Take it! wear it! 'tis for thee, Singer from the Northern Sea

THE BURMAN.

HE IS DOOMED TO EXTINCTION.

UNENVIABLE LOT OF THE WOMEN OF BURMAN

out of existence, or being merged and lost in alien races, directly because of the ill treatment given to its women under its social and religious systems. This nation is that of Burmah. Of its old-

time glories there is no need to speak. The land is covered with monuments of a high and powerful civilization, and no land is better gitted to be the home thereof. Nowhere are the conditions of life easier. The climate is genial, the soil is rich beyond description. The minimum of toll gives the maximum of results.' The opportunities of achievement are vast and innumerable. In former centuries they were improved. But to-day the Burman is the incarnation of happy-go-lucky indolence, and is dreaming himself away into extinction. He still, it is true, possesses elements of disa recent observer, Mr. G. H. Le Maistre, in "The Asiatic Quarterly Review": "He is the prince of easy-going fellows. Short in stature, the Burman possesses a sinewy and well-knit frame, and carries himself proudly. He inherits the chief characteristics of his Mongolian ancestry-eyes slightly oblique, a yellowbrown complexion, a broad, flat nose, and an almost beardless face. He is gifted with considerable intelligence, and is often extremely witty. Like most easy-going men, he is a pleasant companion, and is troubled by no caste prejudices to mar the harmony of interis of an extremely generous disposition, and spends large sums of money on pagodas, or other religious edifices, the erection of which he hopes will bring him a rich reward in a future state. The cares of life sit lightly on him, and he bears reverses of fortune with the calmness and fortitude of a stoic. In his person he is clean and neat, and, when he can afford it, is always smartly dressed. To his good qualities must be added that of sobriety; drunkenness in a Burman is quite exceptional, and, as the Burmese race are inveterate smokers, some think this moderation all the more remarkable. The Burman, however, has his faults-faults so great that when weighed against his good qualities the balance unformately inclines to the wrong side. He is the most conceited and self-satisfied of men; and any attempt to convince him that his pride in himself was not altogether justifiable would be mere waste of time. He is intensely indolent, and quite unable to appreciate the value cipline, and so makes but an indifferent solbarest conception. Driven by the greed and of life, deceit has become, to a certain exher. And, because of this fact, and because the Burman woman has begun to Yvalize what TRANSFORMATION OF WOMEN.

The Burman believes that before a woman even aspire to reach Nitvana-that mer ally leads him to regard woman as a being vastly inferior to himself; and this inferiority has been so impressed upon the Burmese woman that it has grown into a profound superstition evidences of which may be traced in many pagoda or of a man, and it is no uncommor occurrence to see a woman move out of her path to avoid the commission of this great sin. This is but an instance of the humiliating restrictions which the submissive nature of the Burmese woman has enabled the men of her race to enforce upon her, and the nonobservance of which she considers certain to draw upon her some great calamity or to retard her progress to Nirvana. The spread of Western civilization is, however, rapidly under mining this belief of the woman in her supposed inferiority; but the Burman does not ap pear likely to accommodate himself to any new order of things. He is conservative to the backbone; his conviction that the proper place for woman is at his feet is deep-rooted and not to be easily disturbed; and her efforts to free herself from this degrading position he regards as altogether unreasonable and unbecoming.

THEIR PRESEDOM.

Although held in no great esteem by the men of their race, the women of Burmah have much for which they should be thankful, and are by no means fit subjects for pity. They certainly lead a life of toil; but otherwise they are free to please themselves in most things; free to breathe the pure air of heaven, a gift of nature, it is true, but one which is denied to millions of their less fortunate Eastern sisters. Their power for good or evil is considerable; for in a country where the indolent and happy-go-lucky country where the indolent and happy-go-lucky temperament of the men has thrust the business and burden of life into the hands of the woman it is but natural that the influence of the wife in her household should be practically irrestible. Reared in a hard school, the Burmese are excellent women of business, and as contractors, rice merchants, or saleswomen in the bazaar they have few equals. They are expendent in any form tractors, rice merchants, or saleswomen in the bazaar they have few equals. They are exceedingly fond of amusement in any form; they are great smokers, and, like their sex all the world over, they adore jewelry and dress. Their hair is of luxuriant growth, and is worn in a massive knot or coll at the top of the head. Their complexion varies from a pale olive to the deepest brown. They have bright, dark eyes, and, though possessing no claim to actual beauty, there is about the better class of Burmese women a certain comeliness which, actual beauty, there is about the better class of Burmese women a certain comeliness which, added to a lively and good-natured disposition, is by no means without its attractions. In the choice of husbands the women of Burmah have long enjoyed great freedom. Divorce under the ancient laws of the country was easily obtained, and could never be actually refused. The folly of attempting to force the inclinations of a daughter, under such social conditions, is so evident that a Burmese girl is generally allowed to please herself in the important matter of marriage.

INCOLENCE AND SELF-INDULGENCE.

The exemption hitherto enjoyed by the Burman from any active participation in the great struggle for existence has naturally not been without its drawbacks. It has developed habits of indolence and self-indulgence which totally unfit him for competition with more advanced races. So iong as circumstances enabled him to retain his country for himself to the exclusion of foreigners in any number, this want of enterprise affected him in no appreciable degree; but the sudden influx of natives from India and China, which on the overthrow of King Theebaw was the natural sequence to the establishment of British rule, has destroyed this status, and has introduced a large element of struggle for existence has naturally not been

foreign competition into the country. This alien element is increasing at a rapid rate, and will continue to do so; for the conversion of the present deficit in the revenues of the country into a healthy appropriate descords your largely. try into a healthy surplus depends very largely on the promptitude with which agriculturists can be found to take up the numerous acres of rich land which are lying waste in different UNENVIABLE LOT OF THE WOMEN OF BURMAN

SEEKING FOREIGN MARRIAGES—THE

PURE BLOOD DISAPPEARING.

The standard of a nation's greatness, it has been said, is the esteem in which it holds its women; and there is doubtless no small amount of justice in the statement. Historians have pointed out that the golden age of the far Eastern empires was when the women of India were free, and ranked, socially and intellectually, at par with their brothers; and that the decadence of those nations dates from the time when they began to seelude their women and esteem them inferior to men. The present day, at any rate, offers one striking example of a nation, once one of the most powerful and most splendid in Asia, actually passing out of existence, or being merged and lost in

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

For years past the Burman has derived all the pleasure out of life that a state of semi-civilization can offer, while his wife-in reality little better than a slave-has been compelled to toll for him and to do work with her hands that nature intended should fall to the man's share. As might be expected, such conditions of life have been conducive to the development of strong passion for material prosperity; and in the Burmese women of the present day the hankering after gold-that passport to a life of ease-is abnormally great. One of the immediate consequences of this is that in the choice of husbands mercenary motives prevail; mere money value carries great weight; and, as the average Burmese girl is without prejudice of race or creed, the preference is often given to the man best endowed with the goods of this world. Aliens are now settling in all parts of the country, and as they are almost invariably better able to maintain their wives than Burmans of the same class, it very frequently happens of the same class, it very frequently happens that Burmese suitors are quietly discarded when any of the former enter the field against them. These aliens, on their part, are quite when any of the former enter the field against them. These aliens, on their part, are quite alive to the value of Burmese women, and have shown themselves very ready to seek them in marriage. It is true that this is with them more or less a case of Hebson's choice. Emigrants, whether from India or China, are very rarely accompanied by their wives, and as, in consequence, the number of alien women in the country is not large, the choice of wives is practically limited to women of Burmese, or, at any rate, of partly Burmese nationality. Mixed marriages have become exceedingly numerous marriages have become exceedingly numerous, and the women of Burmah are beginning to recognize the fact that, besides being more prosperous, these aliens treat them with far greater kindness and consideration than do the men of their own race—a discovery which of itself must tend to increase the number of such marriages. The Burman knows these induces to must tend to increase the number of such marriages. The Burman knows these influences to be at work. He sees the best and fairest of his women become the happy and contented brides of enterprising foreigners, but he is far too indolent to make an effort to hold his own and avert the extinction of his race. Thus the difficulty of obtaining suitable partners of pure descent for his children must grow greater each year, and only time is required for the pure Burman to disappear altogether, and for his place to be taken by a race in whose veins the blood of the Chinaman and of the native of India will mingle with his own.

POEMS BY NORMAN GALE.

From his new book "Orchard Songs."

TO DORA. God's mercy. Dora, what's a kiss,
That you should whimper like a child?
A maid was ne'er so coy as this.
A woodlark never was so wild.
There went, i' faith, no niggard pinch,
You little, becking, sweetbill finch!

Come, loveliness, 'tis but the task of mating Cupfd's red to red;
A rosebud touch is all I ask.
Lift up, dear nun, this shining head!
There! see how good a thing it is—
God's mercy, Dora, what's a kiss?

PARTING.

Why, love, don't weep!
Our joy was, long,
Sweet twenty years
Of smile and song.
I shall but wait,
Asleep, asleep,
For you to come—
Why, love, don't weep!

Why, love, don't weep! The end is this: The end is this;
There comes a bound
To speech and kiss;
For joy like ours
The price is cheap—
Sweet twenty years!
Why, love, don't weep!

NORTH WIND AT NIGHT.

Good it is when Northern winds come blowing from the ice and bear, Shouting round the shaking steeple till the opal stars can hear; od it is in shifting dusks to feel the polar thunder-flail. shing at the weary forehead with its knote of biting hail!

Hurricanes that blow the foxes over leagues toward their prey, Roaring sagas of the leebergs, songs of baby seals at play!
Hurricanes with ghostly chorus of the Norsemen
grim and stark.
Hurling oaths at glant foemen hacking furious in
the dark!

In the lulls between the wrangle of the tempest and the floe sweet it is to fancy love-songs of the patient Esquimaux;
Speeding, warm at heart, across the level purity of plain.
Love beneath his furs as constant as beneath the ice the main!

Oh, I joy to hear the sinews of the god of Northern Crackle as his fingers fasten on the icy hitt and vast!
Rushing over wold and valley doubte dath

Rushing over wold and valley, dusky dells and up-lands bleak.

How he flings his frozen gauntlet at the challenge of my cheek! Tho' he dash the dew about me from the blooms

of other stars.

Pansles from the lap of Venus, speary rushes down from Mars.

More I love his gusty onset than the woman-breeze that brings that brings ent of harems and the radiant Perstan roses on his wings!

Northland god, your tears of fury drive upon my freshened cheeks, While the roadside branch above me writhes in agony and creaks!

As we wrestle at the midnight, breast to breast and hand to hand, Care and pain depart like swallows lifting to a friendly land!

PROMPTLY DONES

From The Manchester Times.

The "Historical Records of the 43d Light Infantry," that famous regiment which played a most important part in English warfare during the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth, contains a stirring incident of prompt action which averted a tragedy.

Worn out with hard march, the brigade under Captain Lloyd approached the convent at Benevente, where the cavalry and reserve still remained, hoping for shelter. They were disappointed. The convent was occupied by several thousand infantry, and the lower galleries were so densely packed with the horses of cavalry and artillery that it was hardly possible for a man to make his way among them.

Two of the officers stood looking in at the dublous prospect through the single door that gave ingress and egress. A audden cry of alarm burst from the lips of one. "Look there!" he cried, pointing over the backs of the horses. At that moment one of the inside wooden shutters burst into flame. Horrified, the officers looked at the burning shutter, and realized the hopelessness of the situation. It would be impossible to get the 6,000 men and horses out, and they must stand by and see their comrades perish miserably. There was no water near, and if there were, how get at the fire through those densely crowded horses?

The flames crept upward toward the rafters. "Good heavens! Something must be done!" cried Captain Lloyd. And then, with a motion to those outside to be quiet, the brave captain leaped on the back of the nearest horse, and stepping from back to back of the animals, ran to the blazing shutter, tore it from its hinges and pitched it from the window. Then he made his way back to the look of the same way as before.

So quickly was the act performed that even the horses were scarcely disturbed. The building was aved and there was no panic, which would have been as disastrous as the flames. The Captain's eyebrows and mustache were secorched, but that was all. "And they'll grow again," he said, with a laugh. From The Manchester Times.

BERNHARDT'S THEATRE.

Paris Letter in The London Standard.